REMINISCENCES OF THE REV. N. C. DENSON

WRITTEN BY REQUEST OF LOVED ONES AND DEDICATED TO

MY YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

LUCY DENSON DANIEL

N. C. Denson was born May 13, 1841 in Rankin County, Mississippi. His father, Albert C. Denson, his mother, Emiley Eloy Denson. In the winter of 44 and 45 moved with father, mother, brother, R. E. Denson, and two sisters, Casandric and Emiley Denson, to Arkansas and settled in what is now Ashley County, Fountail Hill, Arkansas. Brother R. L. Denson was born August, 1846. Father died February 25, 1847. Mother married again about January, 1851 to P. H. Baldy. From this union three children were born. Edward B., Betty, and Joseph Baldy. Mr. Baldy had seven children at the time of their marriage, Rebecca, Thomas, William, Samuel, Mary, James, and Rachel, and at this writing, March 23, 1916, all have passed to the other shore, except Brother R. L. Denson of Fountain Hill, Arkansas, Betty Baldy Mix Barzona, and T. H. Baldy of Gatesville, Texas. I was reared on a farm near Fountain Hill, Arkansas. What school advantages I had was at Fountain Hill Academy. Professed religion August 13, 1856 and was baptized August 17 into the Fellowship of Flatcreek Baptist Church by Bornafe Carroll. In the early part of January 1858 left home to battle and grapple with the problems of life. Lived first with Uncle Montgomery Denson. Made a crop, worked for a part of the crop. In August sold my part of the crop to Grandfather Denson and hired to Uncle Madison J. Denson for $12.50 per month. But in November at the earnest solicitation of Grandfather Issac N. Denson I went with him to Columbia County, Arkansas where I worked on his farm until May 1859 when I entered school with B. W. Bourland as teacher. In December I returned to Ashley County where I entered into co-partnership with Brother R. L. Denson to farm..Our stepfather, P. H. Baldy, having agreed to turn over a few negroes, one man, three women, and three boys. We build a few cabins on a tract of land belonging to Cousin Madison Denson. Bought two horses, one for $125.00 and the other for $120.00 on credit. We rented land up and down Flat Creek for two or three miles adjacent to the Northwest Corner of Fountain Prairie where we worked days and parts of nights. Made a good crop of cotton and corn. Sold for good price and paid debts. Entered 160 acres of land one mile west of Fountain Prairie, built a boxed house with two rooms and porch, two negro cabins, pole crib and stable. Cleared about 40 or 50 acres of land the first winter, '60 and '61. Set up housekeeping with two brothers, two sisters, and a few negroes. As I was physically stronger than my older brother and my younger being young, the old negro man being old and the negro boys young, I took the lead in splitting rails to fence the ground and deadening timber, cutting the oaks through the sap. Having a great desire for an education I agreed with my older brother that one of us would work on the farm and the other go to school. So in April, '61 I started

to school at Fountain Hill Academy, W. F. Mack as teacher. But after six weeks of school the war between the States came on. Believing it a duty to my home and loved ones I agreed to go with the first company that left Hamburg, June 1, 1861, on foot for Virginia. We had about 100, mostly young men and boys. Our officers; Captain, Van H. Manning, First Lieut. W. J. Wilkins, Second Lieut. J. W. Morris, Third Lieut. B. F. Lowe. None of my officers ever resigned. First Sergt. J. W. Manning, brother to the Captain. After three days marching with a ride of seven miles on a railroad, we reached Wuice, on the Mississippi River. After a few hours wait we got transportation on a steamboat to Memphis, where we went by railroad to Lynchburg, Virginia. Arriving at Lynchburg June 12. About the first of July we were organized into a regiment, known as the Third Arkansas Infantry. Albert Rust, Col., Lieut. Col, Barton, Capt., Manning was promoted to Major, and J. W. Wilkins to Captain. J. W. Morris First Lieut., B. F. Lowe, Second Lieut., and W. W. Cochran elected as Third Lieut. We left Lynchburg July 17, by way of Stanton for West Virginia. We were close enough on the 21st to hear the cannon at the First Battle of Manassas, or Bull Run. At Stanton my stepbrother, Sam Baldy, a member of Company C, lost his footing, fell and was killed by the car wheels. As my company did not get first position of Company A in the organization of the Regiment, Capt. Wilkins took Company K. Our first camp was on Alloghaney Mountain, second at Crab Valley between the mountain and Greenbrier River, where we camped for some two months. In September we went on two expeditions led by Col. Rust over mountains and along rivers without roads. Trying to dislodge the enemy on Cheat Mountain. We fought our first battle at Greenbrier River October 3, 1861. The attacking general, Renole Ted, failed. We remained at Greenbrier River until November 22, when we broke camp and marched to Stratsburg and thence to Winchester where we wintered, save when we went on an expedition to Bath and Romeny, that's 40 miles west of Winchester. Under command of General Stonewall Jahkson. Early in the spring of 62 we went to Soldsburro, N. C. and remained until just before the Seven Days Battle around Richmond. Here we were in Walkers Brigade, Homes Division. We were under fire of the enemies guns boats but not actively engaged but I stood as special picket the night McClennon fell back to City Point. After which we done picket duty at Chester, the halfway station between Richmond and Petersburg. After which we took up our tedious march to Maryland. We crossed and recrossed the Potomac and on the 17th of Sept. 1862 at Sharpsburg or Antetium, our first bloody battle. My Company K lost eight, killed, and about twice that number wounded. Six of the killed were my mess mates. James Hughes my first wife's oldest brother, Issac Denson, my cousin, Reynolds and Hammock, Pat Davis, Nichols, and W. M. Stinsom, my bed mate was wounded. E. L. Bingham and myself out of the nine that went into battle were unhurt. It was a great slaughter of dear boys. We slept on the battle field that night among the dead and dying. The night of the 18th, we recrossed the Potomac. P. S. Just before we crossed to Maryland to the Sharpsburg Battle we went to Harpers Ferry by force march. We were part of the troops that surrounded and captured about fourteen or fifteen thousand of the enemy. After this battle it was a sad time with me. When I sat down to write the sad news to loved ones at home.

Those of us left had little time to muse over the past but we dropped a silent tear for loved ones who slept their last sleep, we believed our cause to be just. We went forward trusting in God determined to do our duty as we now saw it. The enemy now having failed to capture Richmond by way of City Point or by the Sharpsburgh Mount changed commanders and placed Joe Hooper in command and attempted to cross the Rappihannock River at Fredericksburg. About the 10th of December, 1862 by force marching we commenced to mass our men to meet their advance but our faithful men under James Longstreet on the right, and Stonwall Jackson on the left, we drove them back across the Rappihannock and Lincoln changed commanders and Burnside was placed in command. After a hard cold winter, trying by different routes to accomplish that cherished hope in Dec. at Fredericksburg, Va. my regiment, The Third Arkansas, Col. Manning, Lieut. Col. Taylor, Major Reedy was placed in a brigade with the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Regiment and through the balance of the war as the Texas Brigade, Hoods Division, Longstreets Corps of the army of Northern Virginia. In the first part of the spring of 1863 wewere sent to Suffolk. In the meantime Grant was put in command with his gun boats and army. He strove to drive away and divide the Confederacy by taking and keeping possession of the Miss.River so Lee started a campaign in early summer. I, with others, was willing to go whither-so-ever Lee said and led. We marched through Northern Virginia, crossed in Maryland thence into Pennsylvania on to Gettysburg, where, on the first of July our forces met the enemy west of Gettysburg and drove them back to the town and Little Round Top where on the 2nd my command engaged the enemy at two o'clock P. M. and fought until night fall, held the field, slept on our arms that night. After the hardest evenings fight of the war. I visited this battle field after 50 years and located the ground which is still woods and in sight. An incident occurred here on the 2nd just before we went into battle. I was one of the colorguard with the flag. My position in the front rank on the right of the colors. I prided in position but my Cap. J. W. Wilkins, went to Col. Van H. Manning and said, "Col. we are going into battle today, I want all of my non-commissioned officers with the Company. Send Denson to the Company." Which order was given and obeyed. After that evening's battle the color bearer and one colorguard was all that was left that was not killed or wounded. Not only a hard one but one of the bloodiest battles of the war. On the 3rd we were under fire all day but not actively engaged in line of battle at the foot of Little Round Top while several hundered pieces of artillery on Cemetary Ridge opened up on the camp of the enemy on top of Round Top. Just before Picket made his celebrated charge. After that charge we marched back to Cemetary Ridge. Two or three hundred yards in our rear where we spent that night on our arms. We spent the 4th of July on the field hoping that the enemy would come, but they did not. At nightfall of the 4th we marched to Hagars Town, Maryland, where we stayed until the night of the 11th when we marched back towards Virginia and recrossed the Potomac River into Virginia. On the morning of the 12th we were in Northern Virginia. Drilling, resting, and recruiting until the early part of September when we received

orders Longstreets Corp composed of McClellons and Hood's Division to go to the Western Bragg Army down in Georgia. So we marched to Petersburg, took the train through the Carolinas to Georgia, so on the 18th got off the train and marched through the heat and dust towards Chicamugua, where the forces of Bragg and Rosencranze were in battle. Again, the morning of Saturday, the 19th of Sept., my Captain asked the Col. to send me back from the flag to the Company. That evening we attacked the enemy who ambushed my command, killed Major Reedy and killed and wounded a number of our brave boys, but those of us left raised the Rebel Yell and drove them before us. That evening while resting on our arms I learned through Sergt. Maj. Hyatt that J. V. Williams, a mess mate and bed mate, was lying severely wounded in the head, so John Hill, another comrade, and I went and bore him to the rear to a place of safety. We slept on our arms that night on the battle field. The next morning, Sunday Morning, the 20th just as day was dawning Harlston, the Company Messenger boy, or Currier, came to me in line, woke me up and said, "Col. Manning says for you to report to him." He was lying in line at the head of the regiment. I reported and said, "Col. I'm here." He said, "Denson, go to the rear, look up the wagon train, tell Bob Rust, Commissary Clerk, to bring my meat wagon for my men have to have something to eat." I obeyed orders by taking my gun and went to the rear. At least a mile or more back across Chicamouga Creek, found wagon yard and Rust, delivered my message and hurried back to the regiment, which I found getting into line for an advance. We were soon in the charge. I had my gun broke at the lock by a minne ball. The gun was broke but it saved my body as I was in the act of tapping my gun which I had just fired at the enemy who were charging. We routed the enemy, our colors fell several times. Saturday the 19th and Sunday the 20th my Col. at this point, presented me tith the colors. I have been on this battle field twice since the war, here is where Gen. John D. Hood lost a leg. After this battle we were encamped at Chattanooga for sometime. I did some scouting with scouts by permission of Col. Manning and my Captain. I went with eleven others across Lookout Mountain on to what is known now as Sand Mountain, spent a day and night and on the second day which was Sunday had a thrilling experience as we, twelve in number, attacked a scouting party of the enemy, killed one, captured thirteen, and brought them safe into camp. After this my command was moved to the west side of Lookout Mtn. for a few days where wehad a night skirmish with the enemy. Early in December Longstreets Corp was ordered to Knoxville, Tennessee, which place we surrounded and would have forced them to surrender had not Gen. Bragg lost at Chicamauga and Missionary Ridge. We marched from Knoxville further east, spent the winter of '63 and '64 in and around Morristown and Sweetwater, east Tennessee. This was one of the coldest winters of the war. About April of '64 took up our march back to Virginia and after a tiresome and weary march, footsore and ragged, we were welcomed by the noble ladies of Charlottsville, Virginia, Jefferson's old home town. Here we got new clothing which was much needed. We changed brigade commanders, General Roberson, familiarly known and called by the boys of the Texas Brigade "Old Billy", was relieved of the command of the Brigade and Gen. Judge Greee, of Texas, was placed in

command of the brigade. We commenced to drill and get ready for the spring campaign. Gen. W. S. Grant was made the commander of the Federal Forces. Our much beloved Robert E. Lee was in command of the Confederates of Northern Virginia. The armies of the two generals met in the country known as the Wilderness on the 4th and 5th of May. On the 5th of May the battle was severe. My Longstretts Corps was many miles away at Gordonsville but by force march the night of the 5th we arrived on the battle field just as two fivisions of our best troops were surprised in the early morning of the 6th and almost routed. Just as my brigade, the Texas, and the Bennings Georgia Brigade came marching up on the plank road. Here is where Gen. Lee attempted to lead the Texas Brigade into battle. The brave boys cried, "Lee to the rear, and we go to the front." When Cap. Harding of the 1st Texas Regiment lead Lee's horse to the rear and we did go to the front and force the enemy back but we lost more than half of our brave boys, killed and wounded. We went in, that is, my, the 3rd Arkansas Regiment, with 17 officers and came out with five and men lost in proportion. Col. Manning wounded, Lieut. Col. Taylor wounded, and my beloved Capt. J. W. Wilkins, now major, was killed. His last words to me after the first charge, "Denson, I'm glad to see you here." The next charge which was soon, he was killed. That day was a sad day for us when our lines had been advanced and we were arranging to drive Grant, Gen. Longstreet, Gen. Jenkins, of S. Carolina, with some of their staff were recomertering our own men ~~too~~ mistook them for the enemy and fired on them, killing Gen. Jenkins, brigadier general, and severely wounding Lieut. Gen. Longstreet. This caused us to check and halt for the evening. At night we held the field and slept on our arms . On the 7th, 8th, and 9th, Grant, failing to break through our lines kept moving towards Spotsylvania Court House where on the 10th another bloody battle. But Grant failed to break through our lines. Late in the evening of the10th the enemy assaulted my brigade, crying, No Quarter, they were repulsed with great loss but I was wounded in the ear and head and had to go to the rear to hospital where I was for 40 days, tho I was not able for duty I asked the doctor to let me join my regiment, which I did in the ditches of Petersburg. Later we were ordered to the north side of James River. We were in several skirmishes and on the 7th of October we fought a bloody battle. Gen. Gregg was killed and I went under the shots of fire, seeming the worst I was ever under, back to the remnant of my regiment. Leaving a number of my comrades who were taken prisoners. In the number was Cap. Gill Martin who commanded the right wing of the regiment and I was Orderly Sergt. for his division. Just before this battle seven or eight miles out from Richmond, we were attacked by negroes, those of them that were not killed were repulsed and driven back but that day we were attacked by an overwhelming number 25,000 against 2500. We held them all day until late in the evening we got some reinforcements. From this time on there was more or less fighting. Grant trying to break through our lines to Richmond and Petersburg but he failed, but what he could not do by assault he succeeded in doing as he had so many more men than we, moved south toward Weldon, N. C. and tapped the railroad leaving us only one railroad south, so on the 2nd of April we left Richmond marching

toward Appomattox Court House, fighting in the day and marching at night. On the morning of the 9th of April Lee found Gen. Thomas had come in on his front and Grant in our rear. His calvary on the flanks thus surrounded our beloved commander Robert E. Lee, as I believe the greatest general of the continent, surrendered us that day. He said, I heard him, "Men, I have surrendered you and you will be permitted to return home and remain un-molested until exchanged and if ever exchanged I am ready and willing to lead you again." My regiment at the surrender was commanded by Capt. A. C. Jones of Company B, whose home was, and still is, at Three Creeks, in Union County, Arkansas. He is still living. He is the first man that ever called on me for public prayer. In 1864 about August, eight miles east of Richmond where we fought negroes, my Company K was commanded by Capt. J. W. Morris. I was his Orderly Sergt. T. P. Brewer signed my parole, which I still have. Capt. Jones said to the boys of the Regiment, 3rd Arkansas, "You can remain together under my command and we will go back to Richmond and down the James to Fortress Monroe around New Orleans and thence up the Mississippi River and out to your several homes or go at will on your own motion." I chose to be ~~an~~ my own ~~and~~ general and boss so on the morning of the 13th of April, 1865 more than a thousand miles from home and loved ones, without money or rations, in company with one comrade, William M. Bell of Mississippi, we bid farewell to Appomattox Court House and the boys of '61 to '65 and took up our line of march first for Danville, Va., ninety miles away, which we reached the third evening just in time to be too late to catch a train for Greensboro, N. C., where we passed Johnson's army that surrendered on the 26th of April at Charollott, N. C. We passed Pres. Davis and Ex-governor Lubbock of Texas, who was with Davis, here in person. Davis, at the request of Lubbock, examined my parole. The first and perhaps the last one from the army of Northern Virginia. We rode when we could and walked when we couldn't ride and somewhere in Georgia fell in company with Jim Trip of 18th Mississippi Regiment. He was alive a few years ago in Hinds County, Miss. We three rode from Atlanta, Georgia on the train to West Point, Ga., where we crossed the river, held a council of war, walked 87 miles to Montgomery, Ala, where we entered into the Federal lines. I had copied the terms of agreement between Grant and Lee, relative to transportation for paroled soldiers of the army of northern Virginia and had it with me. It said we should have transportation on Federal and Confederate transportation lines. On our way home we reached Montgomery, Ala., about twelve o'clock on the third day footsore and hungry. We left on the Federal transport down the Alabama River about sundown that evening and reached Selma, Ala. before day the next morning. Learning the next morning that my beloved old captain, J. W. Wilkins wife and baby were living in Selma I visited them a few minutes. I talked with his sad hearted widow. When I got back to Bell and Trip they were in company with Cousins of Alabama, who was on Gen. E. M. Law's staff at the Battle of Gettysburg, and on the evening of the 3rd of July after Picket's Charge came to my command at the foot of Little Round Top and piloted us out into the open and told us we were ordered to form on and hold Cemetery Ridge. He, Cousins, accompanied Bell, Trip

and myself to the town limits of Selma, Ala. and bid us farewell. I met him some 30 years afterwards at Houston, Texas at a Reunion of Soldiers. I recognized him and spoke to him. From Selma we made forced march, ten miles, caught a train for Dempolis, took boat for seven miles on the Tombigbee River, connected with a train at Meridian, Miss. slept on the train at night. Gen. Dick Taylors command of Confederates was at Meridian when we passed. They surrendered on May 6. Bell and I got off at Morton, Miss. and walked 19 miles to his home at Good Hope, Leak County, Miss. Arriving there at night the 4th of May, having traveled a thousand miles riding some six hundred and walking the rest. I visited kinfolks in Leak County, Scott, and Rankin County, worked some in the wheat fields and on the morning of June 19, with a suit of new clean clothes, fifty cents in silver, in company with Bell, I left Uncle and Aunt and a very dear cousin, Helen Bell, and rode horseback to Morton, eighteen or nineteen miles, where Bell left me and I took a train for Jackson, Mississippi. Before Will Bell left me at Morton I said, "Bill, I wish I had one comrade with me." He said, "You won't go far before you meet some fool." And when I went abroad the train a little after twelve o'clock I met R. M. Roberts and B. F. Simpson of M Company and A. Boyd of Company D of my regiment and as they had no provisions and did not try to get any at Vicksburg while I was trying to get transportation for four of us up the Miss. River on Harricon Deck to Gaines Landing, I had to divide my rations with them and when we landed on the Arkansas side about one hour by sun the evening of June 21, we had one biscuit apiece. The last day, the 22nd of June, I marched on foot fifty miles and met stepfather and Joe Baldy, a half brother, that evening. I met my very dear old mother who came horseback. The next day I got into my home a little after dark the 22nd of June, 1865. Met my brothers N. E. Denson and R. L. Denson and Emiley Denson, and Casandrie Denson, my two sisters, and the negroes I had left the 31st of May 1861. The next morning I went horseback three miles to Aunt Frankie Daniels near Fountain Hill. She lost two sons, W. W. Daniel at Sharpsburg, Sept. 17, 1862 and Jessie on the 7th of Oct., 1864, on the skirmish line east of Richmond and as I had helped to bury Jessie in the Rockies in the edge of Richmond I visited her to tell her about her boys. After a short talk and stay with her I went next to the W. M. Hughes home, the father of my first beloved wife, Miss P. A. R. Hughes, who was very sick in bed and but my visit hope her. I know it did me. Late in the evening that day I rode back home. As it was too late to start a crop and as all I had was a sound body, active mind, and burning desire to do something and be somebody, I commenced to cast about and consult with my oldest brother, N. E. Denson, what to do first. My oldest brother was a good sensible man but health gone he was a physical wreck. My two sisters and younger brother must be cared for. I wanted to go to school but I could not as I had to work day and sometimes night for food while my sisters spun and wove clothes. So I got a team of mules from a neighbor, R. L. Belcher, putting my services against the team and started out with four mules and an old wagon that had the misfortune to break down nearly every trip. My first trip out with team and wagon I started with twenty bushels of wheat to a wheat mill on Saline

River thirty miles from Fountain Hill and four miles from Warren, owned by Uncle Sam Turner. I got about four miles from home and stalled. Four big mules, twenty bushels of wheat, had to be unloaded and reloaded by myself. I am glad I was a christian boy then, but I soon got those mules so whem they started up a hill and I said "Hold" they kept pulling until they got to the top of the hill, so I could keep up a lively whistle. I am still a whistler when it goes well and I have nobody to talk to. I saved enough money from my hard earnings of the latter part of '65 to assist in launching a crop with my oldest brother as partner and my younger brother as a helper. On the farm with the promise from my older brother and myself to my youngest brother that he should go to school next year, 1867. The negroes all left about Christmas, 1865 and none but the whites, three brothers and two sisters as family. My oldest brother, W. E. Denson, my partner, was so impaired in health by Scrofula it was with great pain he worked. But the noble spirited boy he was, struggled on working by day and suffering at night. Negroes being free and my mother, by the mismanagement of my step-father, P. H. Baldy, was left without a home of her own and as brother and I had rented the Harris place on Flat Creek, two and a half miles north of our home, which had a house on it, we let mother and family of three small children, two boys, Edward and Joe and one girl with stepfather, P. H. Baldy, when at home, occupy the house. So brother and I worked in the field and sisters kept house at home while mother kept house with her children and worked day and parts of night. Brother and I in our poverty, by God's grace, with zeal and determination did our best and succeeded in supplying food for all. While we cultivated the crop on the last day of May we had a fine prospect for a crop and were happy and cheerful as could be under the circumstances. But on the night of June 1, there came a storm and- of wind, rain and hail, that caused stout hearts to almost doubt. The morning of the 2nd of June being Saturday when we looked out on the home on the creek as brother Luther and I spent the night at mothers, so we could go to work early in the morning, to our sorrow and dismay when we looked out the water was running over the drop from two to five feet deep. So early in the morning, on foot, brother Luther and I started for our little home two and a half miles south, where our oldest brother, Norfleet had gone the night before to stay with sisters, having carried the plows with him calculating to commence to lay by nine acres of nice hill corn. Monday morning when brother Luther and I got in about a mile of our home and saw some trees uprooted by the wind and storm, I said to brother, "There has been a storm here." We walked on and soon met older brother coming riding a mule, he called and said, "Are all alive?" We answered, "Yes, but the water over the crop." He said, "The wind and hail has wrecked our home and destroyed the crop." Every house and cabin on the place save the dwelling was unroofed or partly so, but when brother Luther and I reached home, after greeting sisters and looking around a few minutes, we started straightening up and re-building wrecked houses and fences. We worked until just before sundown. I said to brother, Luther, who was my partner in the repair work, "Let's go up to the house and clean up our persons, put on the best clothes we have and start out, one go east and the other west." I went about a half a mile to my

ndarest neighbors house, Mr. McPhail. The old man was away from home and the water on the creek so high he could not get home for several hours. His two girls, fine portly looking young ladies, had been working all day as brother and I had, making repairs and trying to save what was left. So we struggled on and made a fair crop but my oldest brother who had worked in pain by day and doctored and suffered by night, after the crop was layed by had to give up and commence to think about going to New Orleans to Dr. Stone for treatment. A neighbor by the name of C. P. Lowery undertook to raise money to defray his expenses and was succeeding nicely but my noble hearted brother gave the money back with thanks and said, "I will wait." And in October younger brother and I got out two bales of cotton, had it ginned, put it on a wagon and my oldest brother and I left for a point on the Miss. River fifty miles away where we shipped it to Hawthorne and Martin through Capt. Gill Martin of war fame, who when he saw me fifty yards away said, "Old fellow, if I had known once what I knew now I would have gone too." That cotton sold for 36½¢ a pound and we paid the government 3¢ a pound revenue which was unconstitutional, which money they are still due me and ought to pay. We bought flour at $14.50 a barrel, ½ barrel of sugar, 15 lbs. of coffee, got $75.00 in money and commenced arranging on our return home to get older brother off to New Orleans to Dr. Stone. Later in November, I went back to Unice on horseback and got the balance of the returns on the cotton, $86.00, as well as I remember. I think I ought to stop here and give another bit of history that affected my life very materially. I wanted to go to school and prepare myself for life's battle. I thought it over and prayed over it. I felt it to be my duty to take care of my sisters and keep the promise brother and I had made to our younger brother to send him to school next year, which I did. But now, oldest brother was disabled by disease and I, by God's loving providence am left to work and grapple with problems and as I decided at Appomattox in April '65 to trust God and go ahead. So I prayed and decided the best thing for me to do was to marry. I knew who in heart I loved best but I had never told her so. She did not live more than two and a half miles away but I sat down and wrote the tru sentiments of my heart, telling her if it was recriprocated to answer. If not, to return my letter and we would still be friends. I sent that letter by hand and looked and hoped for the reply, or the return letter, it never came so finally a stout heart had to yeild and so on Saturday night of the 18th of August, 1866 after preaching at Flat Creek Church, I asked Miss Rebecca Hughes if I could have the honor and pleasure of her company home. She granted the request, oh, fated night never to be forgotten, I told her I loved her and had loved her for years and asked her if she could love me. She said, "I think so." But I grew bold as we walked in the moonlight I said, "Do you love me?" In her modest, reserved way, she said, "Yes." I said, "Will you be mine for life?" She said "Yes." Then I said, "I have nothing but a heart to love and a hand to protect, to offer." "If you will accept they will be yours." She accepted and I said, "Now let us keep this secret and don't listen to gossip or reports from others and if anything comes to your ears or mine let us not believe it until we see each other." Though it was two and a half miles from her

Pa's home and mine and this was August the 18th and we did not marry until December 27, I visited her but twice in her home and she kept it secret. In November after Brother Luther and I had gathered most of the crop and I had agreed to go into copartnership with R. L. Belcher, hire three negroes and farm in 1867. I went with my brother, M. E. Denson to Mary Saline, 28 miles on the Ouachita River in a buggy. We spent the night together in the old warehouse, a stormy night on the bank of the Ouachita River, the water all around us. He took the boat the next day for New Orleans hoping to be benefited by Dr. Stone's treatment. I bid him farewell next morning, hitched the mule to the borrowed buggy, the buggy belonged to Mr. Hughes, my anticipated father-in-law. The mule belonged to my future partner, Mr. Belcher. I started for home. The rains had caused the creeks to rise to overflowing and but few bridges were left when about 12 miles from home I drove into a creek that was swimming and very swift. When about 12 miles from home I drove into a creek that was swimming and very swift. When about the middle I saw my mistake and tried to freightmy mule and buggy upstream but he was forced down stream by the strong current and soon mule and buggy went under a large log across the stream. As the mule and buggy went under the log I made a leap and landed on top of the log. Got to my feet just as the mule rose on the lower side of the log, without taking time to hardly think, I pulled off my coat and plunged in, boots and clothing minus the coat left on top of the log. I swam to the mule which had struck bottom in the bend of the creek. I took hold of the cheek of the bridle on the mule, took my knife out of my pocket with the other hand, cut the belly band and hame string, loosed the lines, led the mule out of the overflow back on the side from hence I entered, leaving the buggy and harness in midstream. I hitched the mule to the corner of the fence nearby and started back up the road towards Judge Jim Pughes in a trot. I soon found out I needed dry clothes as the wind was blowing a gale from the north as it had begun to fall off that November evening. I stopped at a a country store belonging to J. D. Pugh, an army comrade, and run by his brother Dan Pugh and Dan gave me some of John's old clothes that were in the store to put on while mine hung out to dryin the sunshine. I had a few dollars in greenbacks in my pocket. We dried that and in company with Judge Pugh and Dan, we went back and got the mule. They took me in and lodged me for the night. The next morning Judge Pugh went with me, and helped me to get my buggy out, mend my harness, and start me on my journey, rejoicing. I went by where Miss Becky lived, left the buggy, and rode the mule in home, thought a day late. Miss Becky told me later of her anxiety that day. Well, as agreed on my Miss Becky Hughes and I on the night of December 27th, we were married. We were to have an infair dinner the next day at my home but that night Joe Guice, a negro boy of that neighborhood, stole Jin, the noted mule, saddle and bridle, and left for other parts. About an hour by the sun, the next morning, when my half-brother Ed Baldy, who was to bring horse and mule for Miss Becky and I to ride home and eat infair dinner, he came with horse minus the mule and my suspicion was aroused. I said to Miss Becky, "You stay here at your Pa's and I will go in search for the mule." After riding several hours and several miles and getting friends to go in different directions, I got on hot trail about 12 miles

from home, About 10 miles sough of Monticello, I went on until within 4 mil s of Monticello, I sawwith bridle and saddle hitched to palings in front of Brother R. L. Royal's house, the negro standing between the house and gate. He, the negro standing between the house and the gate. He, the negro, was in the act of trading the mule to a Mr. Greenlee, for a horse and $20.00 to boot, so I took charge of the negro and mule and in order to make the negro secure I tied his arms so they would hang limp by his sides and put him on my horse, and I rode the mule, which had a good saddle, a better saddle than the horse, and as I desired to get back where Miss Becky was, as early as possible, I let the negro ride instead of making him walk. It was very cold. The sun shone until just before sunset, when it clouded up and began to sleet and snow. I went by Mr. Bensons to let his son Porter, who had gone to Longview, ten miles on the Saline River, to look for the mule, and to let him know I had the mule and thief and was going back to wife's house. I was riding head up and in good spirits. It was now night and snow falling fast, just north of Fountain Hill about two miles from Mr. Hughes I looked around and to my surprise and dismay old John, the horse the negro was riding, was pacing along without a rider. Just before that moment was the last time I ever say John Guice, tho I hunted that night and the next morning with dogs and double barrel shot gun. So the next morning Miss Becky and I rode home through a blinding snow storm to start life together. I ate my first meal at home about three P. M. on the 28th of Dec. 1867. After a few days stay at home I left sister Casandrie and Emiley and brother R. L. Denson on the little home, my older brother being in New Orleans, and took my wife some two miles north to the farm where the negroes were. That was an eventful year filled with thrilling and eventful experiences. About the first of March my brother came home to die. Oh how we did love him and how he did love us. My dear young wife and I with the negroes went to the home place to work the 13th day of March and planted some corn but in the afternoon it clouded up and began to snow. I had the negroes to load the wagon with corn and start for the other farm and I lingered behind to talk with my brother. A runner came and said the wagon load of corn had bogged down. I bid my dear brother goodby and went to the assistance of the negroes. I went on home to where my dear wife was. Just one week from that day, March 20, my mother's birthday, a runner, or messenger, came and said, "Come quickly, your brother can't live long." I went post haste, my wife to come later on horseback, but when I reached him his spirit had gone to God who gave it. I strove on through trials and difficulties and poverty with my precious wife, a great deal of the time sick, but never murmered or complained, and made a crop and came out in debt, moved back to my little home, let the negroes go who owed me for provisions more than I owed. I gave my sisters and brother all that belonged to my older brother. Our first babe, Helen Hughes Denson was born September 25. So early in 1868 wife, babe, and I moved back home in the house with sisters and brother but soon my youngest sister, Emiley, sickened and died. Soon afterwards stepfather died and left mother and three children, half brothers and sisters. I did the best thing under the circumstances, I took them to my house and shared roof and bread with them. Three families under one roof and if there was ever a hard feeling between my dear old mother and sweet precious wife I never knew it. My brother and I made a good crop that year and got a good

price for it. The next year I got a house for mother and children, furnished team. Her boys and brother and I worked through, though we had separate crops. The next year being '70 I got the home for her. Brother and sister lived with them. They made a good crop and got a good price for and were self sustained. But it was a sad year for my dear wife and I who were alone in the home at-last- and at first, oh, so happy but in July just as I got a buggy so we could go together, sweet little Carrie Bell Denson, who was born August 28, 1869, took sick with colorie-infantum and a weeks suffering, on the 21st of July dies. Then again in October our dear three year old, Helen Denson, on the 18th of October died and as we walked from the graveyard my dear wife leaning on my arm, oh! how sad we were when we reached our home, childless. The first thing we done was to kneel down and pray to our God and Father. Next February 2, 1871, our dear boy, W. A. Denson, was born, which brought new life and care to our hearts and home. '71, '72 and '73 was spent on our little farm west of Fountain Prairie. On June 1, 1873 another baby girl was born. Emma Bradford Denson. In the fall of '73 I sold the little farm to Richard Lock on credit and moved to W. M. Stinson's farm four miles northwest near the county line between Ashley and Drew. I farmed in 1874 with W. M. Stinson helping to repair fences and for rent. '74 was a very dry year and a short crop that fall. Mr. Stinson married Miss Till Dean and they lives '75 with her parents on Dare House. I rented Stinson's farm. My wife's youngest brother, Matt M. Hughes, a good boy, worked with me. We made a good crop. That winter I moved to my father-in-law's place, one and one half miles south of Fountain Hill, as father-in-law moved with his family to the Mississippi River at Luna Landing. I made repairs on the place for rent in 1876. In 1875 Flat Creek Chur my old church, licensed me to preach and made appointment for me to preach, but oh, how it did rain that night, so I did not preach that night. We made another appointment and I preached my first sermon at Flat Creek Church in 1876. My text, "Who Hath Believed Our Report" Isiah 53:1. '76 was election year and I was Central Committeeman from White Township. I made a good crop that year and made some collections on place, sold to Lock, but not enough to get away to Texas, so I went in the latter part of the summer to Bradley County and as my wife had one sister, Mary E. Mack, whom she loved very dearly living in Warren, I spent the night ~~with~~ in her home and talked to her and her husband, W. F. Mack, relative to future plans and agreed to move on the tract of land bought by him, Mack, from Hale. I bought half interest in said place located two and a half miles southwest of Warren on the Middle Moro Road. Moved on the place in November, 1876 and made my first crop in Bradley County in 1877, assisted by John Lock and Ben Rice, white boys, paid them wages. We made a good crop but my, how we did work. That year I preached a few sermons as a licensated and in the meantime I had joined with my wife in the Warren Baptist Church. Bro. M. Y. Moran was the preacher. He was a great preacher. He advised me to wait until some church called for my ordination before I accepted ordination, which I did. W. E. Paxton a great man and preacher, followed Moran in the pastorate of the Warren Church. In May 1878 M. L. Gardner visited me and told me that Smyrna Church, situated in the southern part of Bradley County, wanted

me to preach for them. Just before this time Lucy Hughes Denson was born, April 11, 1878, so now I had a wife tried and true and thre children depending on me for support. I was poor in this worlds good limited in education and bible knowledge, and a burden on my head, woe unto me if I preach not the gospel. In '75 my mother, who was a great bible student, died. In '76 my sister Casandria Denson Bull died leaving one little girl, Lena Bull Oneed. Soon through J. B. Searcy's influence Enon Church of Cleveland County across the river from Warren called me to preach for them. Smyrna, by resolution in conference, asked the Warren Baptist Church to set me apart to the full gospel ministery so the Warren Church in conference took the matter up for consideration and called or invited a Presbytery of ministers, consisting of M. Y. Morgan, J. B. Searcy, Solomon Gardner, and W. E. Paxton, the pastor, to meet at the Baptist Church in Warren on the Sunday (1st) in September, 1878 to ordain N. C. Denson to the full work of the ministery. So when morning came and I arrived W. E. Paxton and Solomon Gardner, with the church with all members of the council invited, present, but they organized and proceeded with the examination and ordination. Just here I think is in place to record that J. H. Riggin, a Methodist Minister, who was at my mother's bedside just before she went home, to glory, and heard her say to me, "Son, if you feel you have a work to do, don't resist." He, Riggin, was at the ordination service. I was soon preaching every Sunday and working six days on the farm durin the week. I kept this up about fifteen years. In the meantime building me a comfortable home one and three fourths miles southwest of Warren, where my family and I lived happy. Here, one day I saw my dear wife standing by my bedside, weeping, and said, "I knew it would come to this someday but I didn't think so quick." I was sick in bed, not boasting, but because it was true. Permit me to say for forty years through God's goodness to me I had not been in bed a week at a time, so by His Grace I was soon up and going. One day I said, "Wife, I am going to quit working free negroes." She said, "I will believe it when I see it." I said, "If you live you will see it." Again one day I said, "Wife, I'm going to quit raising cotton." She said, "I will believe it when I see it."I said, "If you live you will see it." Here, I left my three children all in bed with measles and rode horseback 25 miles and preached, leaving no one but dear beloved, consecrated wife with them and God, who I served in my spirit and body, knows I love them all . After preaching Saturday I went with W. H. Barringer home, ate supper and he and I rode five miles to see Bro. J. C. Gillis, he is still alive, who was sick on his death bed. We spent the night. In the night he, Gillis, had his wife wake up and told her to get his pocketbook, a large leather pocketbook he kept notes and papers in. He took from it a note against J. E. Meek with J. R. S. Mock as security, for $665.00, put it under his pillow and said to me. "Make me remember in the morning what I am talking tonight." So the next morning, I, at the suggestion of Murphy who was present that night, his step-son-in-law, spoke to his wife about it. So she said, "Mr. Gillis, do you want me to give Bro. Denson that note?" He said, "No, give it to me." He took it and sat up in bed and put the other hand on my head, in the presence of his wife and God to witness, and said, "You have been the best friend I have ever had." I said, Bro. Gillis, I fear you appreciate me too much." He

said, "Not to you but to the Lord." He was the grandfather of Mrs. Mollie Herring, who with his wife heired the estate. I got every dollar of that $665.00 and my house in Warren is the fruit of it. I bade him goodby that morning, never saw him any more as he died eight days later. I never knew it until he was dead and burried. I went from his house that morning, Sunday, to Concord Church, where his membership was, and preached. Got dinner on the way. Went five miles to Union Hall Church, preached at three o'clock P. M., rode home, arriving about 9 P. M. tired in body and mind. Met my beloved partner and consecrated wife watching with those dear children whom God cared for in my absence and permitted me to find improving. Oh, the goodness and mercy of my God and Father, blessed be His name forever. About this time the Bartholomew Association met at Lake Village, Bro. Solomon Gardner and I went through the country in a buggy, he furnishing the buggy and me the horses, from Warren to Lake Village. It was while at Lake Village at the meeting I heard Bro. J. S. Woods say as the letters from the churches were being read, "See, he has baptized more than all of us." I served one church, Ebenezer, five and one half ~~years~~ miles west of Warren, twelve years without intermission. I was pastor at Warren twice, first for six years and then in mission work three years. Then by earnest request of the Warren Church I served them five years more, making in all eleven years, for half time. During this time I was elected moderator of my Bartholomew Association and then without intermission for eight years or nine I was moderator. I have served since that time, twice I think, as moderator. I was twenty odd years on the State Mission Board. Elected in January, 1897 Chaplain of the House of Representatives. Served four months again in 1905. Then again in 1905 was elected State Chaplain of the State Senate, served four months, kept up my work up and down the Iron Mountain Railroad and missed only four roll calls in four months. I have a gold headed cane as a token of their appreciation. I have been missionary of the Association for two years and the State Board a number of years. Have organized Wilmar Church and saw building built. Organized church at Crossett and a building erected, organized a church at Dermott, done soliciting, planning, and having house built, and preached for them eight years. Organized churches at Montrose and McGehee also Morrell. Reorganized church at Collins and helped organize Arkansas City and Blissville. Preached at Portland eleven years. Seven years the first time and saw a house built ; then after four years went and preached four years more. Have been twice vice-president of the Arkansas Baptist State Convention and am at present vice-president. Preached four years at Hamburg, have preached for the last 38 years in southeast Arkansas, baptized hundreds, married hundreds of couples, and helped to burry great numbers. Held two meetings in Texas and one in Mississippi, and though am now past 75 years of age, thanks be to God, am still active in his service. After the death of my two sweet children in 1870 there was not a death in my family for 28 years. We raised three children to be grown and now married. In 1892 my beloved wife had a half sister to die leaving two little orphan boys, Leicester, nearly five years old, and Dixie Hannibal, nearly three years old, without homes or visible means of support. We took them into the home April 11, 1892 and shared bread and

shelter with them for twelve years. Both are still living and married. Leicester Hannibal and wife in Los Angeles, California and Dixie Hannibal and wife in Batesville, Arkansas as Railroad Agent, and has been Railroad Agent with good salary since before he was sixteen years of age. I had a great desire to give my children better educational advantages than I had. I sent Billie to Ouachita College one session and he seemed to think that the world would come to an end without him gaining distinction if he didn't work. You can't about a boy. Billie is a grand boy and the world about him knows he is living in it. He has a noble, true wife in the person of Fay Wilson Denson and two sweet precious boys, all the grandchildren I have of my own. The health of my precious wife, Rebecca Hughes Denson, began to fail some two or three yearsbefore the end came and early in January of 1897 when I was elected Chaplain of the House of Representatives, I started Emma Denson Clements back to Ouachita. She went in '96 and this was her second year in college. The next year we started baby girl, Lucy Denson Daniel, She entered Sept. 1897 and when she came home in June 1898 her mother, the idol of all our hearts, was failing rapidly in health. We all showed her every attention and kindness. How precious the memories of her, still, though eighteen years have come and gone, but on the 13th of August, 1898, about three P. M. one of the dearest and sweetest lives went out. "She rests from her labors and her works do follow her." Sweet one, rest on, someday we shall meet where parting will be no more. So in September Lucy went back to Ouachita and Emma the big girl with the big warm heart kept house doing her best and that was well making home still dear and sweet to us all. Lucy wrote to me just before school closed her second year saying, "Papa, if you don't object, I am going to contract with Prof Conger to go to school at Ouachita another year and finish my Elocution in Music and I will teach and pay it when I get home." We have a note for what was due at the end of the three years and, true to her promise, she got a class at Farmersville, La., and done her best but what she failed to pay the Lord enabled me to pay. So it was paid and we got a cleared receipt. She got home and learned her sister Emma was soon to be married to the man of her choice. A good man, take him around up and down, everyday, none better. I wrote Lucy to go ahead and arrange to teach and me and the boys would get along somehow, but she had a head like "Collins Sheep" and something like her Dad and with firmness of her Mama so she kept house, taught a little music, tried to keep up with the society of the old folks, as well as keep in touch with the young folks, so home went on pretty smoothly. So I began to think if I could find the right kind of a lady it would be best for Lucy and me for me to marry the second time. I got my consent but to find the right lady was a hard proposition. But after a while I thought I had found one that would fill the bill. I made the venture and about the time I thought I had made good, she said, nothing doing. I thought and tried to pray and decided that faint heart never won fair lady so I tried again and this time she said yes, and stuck to it. On the 28th day of July, 1903 Mrs. Ellen Grubb and I met in Monticello at the Bussy Hotel and were married. That was thirteen years ago last Friday and I know I love her better today than I did thirteen years ago. We know each other better. She is a noble true lady, oh, I wish I could see her in good health again and I could do more for her health and comfort in days to come than those that are gone. She had two children, Bruce Grubb a noble boy, and Maude Skipper she is as fine as pure gold and worth a hundred cents on the dollar. I love to love Maude. Bruce and his wife have four children, one girl

and three boys. Maude and Charlie have one girl and one boy living and one boy dead. Vivian belongs to Grandma and Bon and she is a premium, it would take more than gold to get her. I once thought my work was most done and I would live and die at Warren but twelve years gone last January 15, I moved to Dermott and began to grapple with new problems. I don't feel like I have been a failure as I have learned to live by the day. I work and pray to do my best every day, trusting God and trying to do good. I hope to be fed and live long on the earth, this is August/1916, and if I live and do well I hope to write again some day.

Lucy, you and Scud can typewrite this and see I have not re-written or prepared before writing to write or desired to write a history, but at the request of Lucy Daniel, my youngest daughter, to write a sketch or reminiscence of my life, especially that part pertaining to the War '61 to '65 and since without any written data to draw from I have taken scraps from memories book and penned them as they came to me now, after I have passed the seventy-five milepost. I am thankful to my kind Heavenly Father, who has been good to me and has given me memory that is still clear and active. A lady said a few days ago that W. J. Cone of Montrose said, "If you want the pedigree of any man in Arkansas, especially in Southeast Arkansas, ask Bro. N. C. Denson." Now, after nearly a year has passed, July 24, 1917 and I am in the home alone, as Ellen, my beloved wife, is away at Eureka Springs with Vivian to try to get her health back, I will try to write again.

I am still active, preaching every Sunday and night, though I have passed my 76th birthday. Well, on Sept. 12, 1916 I left home on the early morning train, got to Little Rock at 10:30, went to the Mission Room then to the Eighth Street Methodist Church to a temperance meeting. Left Little Rock at, or after 5 P. M. for Batesville to visit Dick, Lena and Claude Denson Hannibal. Arrived at Batesville after 9 P. M. Dick met me at Newport, spent 8 days at Batesville, preached Sunday and night, visited the Masonic Orphans Home, lock and dam on White River, The Batesville Stone Quary. Had a good time and enjoyed my visit. This has been an eventful year as our beloved president has been forced to declare war against Germany but I rejoice to see my country united, one flag standing behind the christian president, determined indeed, to battle for the right. Though the kindness of friends I attended the reunion of ex-confederated at Washington City, D. C. in June, saw the president. Had a great time. Visited Mt. Vernon, preached in Little Rock on my way going and coming. Preached the next morning and night at Parkdale. Visited the reunion at Vicksburg, Miss. in November. Scud Daniel, Lucy's husband, had smallpox Christmas and as I did not have to wait on him, as Lucy did that, I visited Billie's family, spent two nights and a day, spent one night with brother and family at Fountain Hill and then to Parkdale and Wilmot to preach.

1918, the war is still raging and our beloved president, backed by congress and a united people, is trusting God and doing our best to overcome wrong with right and might with right. A million soldiers in France and Europe and perhaps three million more under armies and encampments. This June 20th from May 15 to the 20th of June I attended the Southern Baptist Convention at Hot Springs, Arkansas, a great

convention in numbers, 2,043. Work and spirituality, one million dollars for foreign missions, all debts paid and more than one hundred thousand dollars in the bank. A half million for home missions, all debts paid, money in the bank. Brother and sister Bottoms of Tex-Arkans gave a hundred dollars each for foriegn and home missions, many convertions and baptisims. A great convention of great men and women, trusting in God with a mind to work and deny themselves. My wife accompanied me to Hot Springs, her health was not good. We stopped at th Pullman Hotel. Ellen, with Vivian, is now in Eureka Springs, Arkansas for their health and I am in the home all alone save God's spirit of power and love, writing, this June 20th though past 77 I hope to yet be able and pray to do something to honor Him that has so wonderfully blessed me. T. H. Baldy, my stepfather, died Last Nov. 1, I believe. From 1918 September 24 to December 1, 1919 the most eventful period of my life. Went with Chas A. Adkins to Reunion of Ex-confederate Soldiers had a great time. Returned to home at Dermott, Arkansas for Bartholomew Association Oct. 5 to 7. C. A. Adkins was a guest at my home, Had a great association. The night of the 7th a phone message from Dr. A. P. Baker to tell Uncle Nick, Dr. Cobb is dying. When I reached his bedside, thirty-four miles away at Wilmot he was dead. He, Cobb, had contributed to my expenses to Tulsa, Okla. We buried him on the evening of Oct. 8. By the 10th there was someone with influenza in almost every home in Wilmont. On the 4th Sunday in November I was called home to help burry Harry Courtney, who died with flu in Dermott. Clark Sims, my beloved pastor was stricken with flu on Saturday night before the 4th Sunday. The mill at Blissville closed down for Thanksgiving Services November 26, I held the service and came home to Dermott in the evening and took part in Thanksgiving service at night. Sims was very sick. On the 11th of November the Armistice was signed. On Saturday before the first Sunday, in 1918 I was called from Wilmot to Dermott as Clark Sims, beloved pastor had died 9:30 o'clock. We held services at Dermott Church Sunday evening about sundown. We left the remains for Malvern, Arkansas at Three A. M. Monday Morning and arrived at Malvern via Little Rock, accompanied by his father, mother, and two brothers, Grady and Van, and Van's wife and Henry Gaster, his brother-in-law, and others, where we burried him after holding services over his remains in a church he took a leading part in building when he was pastor at Malvern. On Monday the 23rd, befor Christmas, I was called to go to Wilmar to help burry Neal Barker. We burried him on the morning of the 24th at the chapel, near his old home. I arrived at home in Dermott 9:30 P. M. on the 25th, Christmas Day. I married at 11 A. M., Charlie Measol and Miss Dell Anderson. Left that P. M. for my son's at Warren, accompanied by Lucy and Scud. Spent two nights and one day there in Warren. On the morning of the 27th was called by phone to go to Montrose, Arkansas, as my beloved brother and comrade had died suddendy. We burried him that night and on the 5th Sunday in March, 1918 we had memorial services at Fellowship Church at Snyder. In June, 1919 my wife and Vivian went to Eureka Springs where they spent three and a half months, learning from Vivian that my wife was sick I left home on Tuesday morning at 3 O'clock A. M., after the second Sunday in July, spent 24 hours in Eureka Springs, found Ellen better, left Wed. 6:30 P. M., arrived at home at Dermott, Thursday 3 P. M., left Friday 2 P. M. for Fountain Hill where I held a nine days meeting, preaching day and night. As result of meeting there baptized three in July and in August and five in September. The day I was 78 years old, May 13, I went to Atlanta, Georgia to the Southern Baptist Convention, the greatest

convention in numbers, 400,220, in spiritual ability and brotherly love and accord. After working through July and a portion of August by day and night by advice of Dr. Hawkins of Parkdale I left the field in Arkansas and went to New Orleans and rested ten days. The first rest after 41 years in the ministry. Baptized a young lady the morning before I left for New Orleans, Sister Maude Cockrell at Parkdale, Arkansas. September 30, I left home for Bartholomew Association ten miles north of Hamburg, spent the 1st and 2nd of October at the association. I preached the introductory sermon. Got back home 3 A. M. the 3rd, left for reunion of Ex-confederates at Atlanta, Ga., at 2 P. M. Spent Sunday the 5th at Little Rock. Arrived at Atlanta, Ga. with wife at 3 A. M. on the 7th, by 3:30 A. M. we were in bed in one of the best homes in Atlanta, Mr. Parsons, 618 Ponce DeLeon Street. We spent the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th to the 12th and 13th in Atlanta, left for home, arrived at Dermott at 9 P. M. on the 11th, I changed clothing and went to Parkdale , 30 miles south of Dermott. Arrived at Parkdale at 3:30 A. M. in a downpour of rain. Slept about three hours and preached at 11 and at night. Carrol Wood came Monday the 14th and preached at 11 and at night. As it continued to rain we both left Parkdale about 5 P. M. on the 15th for home. I arrived at Dermott about 7 P. M. I have been preaching Sunday and night since. We had our Baptist Convention at Immanuel Church at Little Rock on the 12th and 13th. On the 16th I preached at Grady and spent two nights and a day with Emma and Dan. Preached three times on the 23rd. Spent Thanksgiving at Warren, spending two nights and one day with Billie and Fay and the three sweet children. Preached the 5th Sunday, Nov. 30 t McArthur. Preached twice, came home to Dermott where the church promised $9000.00 for the 75 million campaign. I promised $250.00. Go at 8 P M., praising God and happy in His service, preached Friday night at Portland, Arkansas. Before the 1st Sunday, Dec. 1st, at Wilmot, L. E. Barton met me and preached two sermons. The Wilmot Church agreed to pay $2500.00 on the 75 Million Campaign for five years. Parkdale agreed to pay $2600.00 and Blissville, by sister and brother J. P. Baker and children, $300.00. My wife went to bed sick Christmas morning. With many rememberances and gifts from loved ones Christmas was not as pleasant as desired. Wife has been near deaths door but thankful to say she is much better this bright sunshiny morning, Jan. 14, 1920. After more than four months I write again. This May 27, 1920, wife, Ellen Harriet Denson, passed away January 23, 1920. "A precious one from us has gone, a voice we loved is still, a place is vacant in our home, which never can be filled." God in his wisdom has recalled the boon his love had given and the body slumbers here, the soul safe at rest." After the death of my beloved wife I decided to let my mind have a change or rest and as February had five Sundays I decided to go to the five places I was preaching and tell them I must rest a while, and so, on the last day of March I left for Kimbers, New Mexico to visit three nieces, Jethro, Lena, and Mary Denson, my brother's girls. I arrived at Kimbers the evening of the 3rd of April, remained until April 12, had a good time, preached once. I returned by the way of Oklahoma City, visited Cora Mack Peel, spent 24 hours, stopped in Little Rock, Arkansas dined with B. F. and Bob Kidd. Spent a night at Grady with Dan and Em Clements, reached home the evening of the 13th. Scud Daniel and Lucy sold their new home and moved into my house and are making home as pleasant as possible. After the death of my beloved wife Maude Skipper, her daughter, lingered between life and death for six weeks but has recovered and is in her new home. I left home May 8, spent two nights in Little Rock with Dixie Manni left the 10th for Washington, D. C. to attend the Southern Baptist

Convention. Arrived in Washington at 4 A. M. the 12th. Had a great convention, 8,319 messengers enrolled. We were in session from the 12th to the 17th. I had a great time. Was shown many kindnesses by Congressmen Goodwin, Taylor, Hudspeth of Texas, and Sen. Joe T. Robinson of Arkansas, all of which was greatly appreciated by me. Returned on the 20th just in time for the graduating exercises at Dermott, Arkansas and heard the Validictory by Vivian Skipper, which was good. My son's family at Warren were all sick from January to March with mumps and flu but are all well now, having paid us a visit the first of May. I preached Sunday, the 4th Sunday, at Blissville, morning and night. Have been preaching nearly every Sunday morning and night since October 22, baptized on the 3rd Sunday in September, two men and preached morning and evening at McArthur. Again the 3rd Sunday in October preached there and baptized one sister, the wife of one of the Brother Bonds, I baptize September. Attended a Reunion of Confederate soldiers at Camden, Arkansas in September and after attending the Bartholomew Association at Hermitage, Bradley County, Arkansas, from Sept. 28th to October 1, I came home and left on the evening of the 2nd of October by way of Little Rock to Houston, Texas for Reunion of Ex-confederate soldiers. Had a great time but we are growing old and passing away day by day.